

INTERNAL USE ONLY
JOURNAL

OFFICE OF LEGISLATIVE COUNSEL

Thursday - 2 September 1971

1. (Internal Use Only - JGO) Met with Miss Doris Scott, Secretary to Mr. John R. Blandford, Chief Counsel, House Armed Services Committee, and delivered to her in response to Mr. Blandford's request a blind memorandum of 31 August concerning "The Decree of 29 December 1971--The Abolition of Ranks in the Bolshevik Revolutionary Army." Miss Scott told me that Mr. Blandford is not feeling too well this week and may not return to the office before next week.

2. (Unclassified - GLC) Received a call from Dorothy Fosdick, on the staff of Senate Subcommittee on National Security and International Operations. She said Senator Jackson (D., Wash.) was anxious for Richard Perle of their staff and herself to be brought up-to-date on the situation in the Middle East especially the status of military hardware there. [redacted] of OSR, an STATINTL I will meet with them tomorrow morning.

STATINTL

3. (Unclassified - GLC) Talked with Miss Betty Garcia, on the staff of Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.), about a letter from [redacted]

[redacted] I told Miss Garcia that the letter itself would not require an answer (it was a general offer to be of assistance to the Agency) and asked if their office had informed Copes that they were transmitting the letter to us. She felt that nothing further was required on their part but she will check with Leonard Killgore, the Senator's Administrative Assistant, when he returns from vacation. If anything further is required, they will merely advise Copes that his letter was forwarded to the addressee that there is no need for assistance at this time.

4. (Unclassified - RJK) Delivered to the offices of Representatives Patsy Mink (D., Hawaii), Lloyd Meeds (D., Wash.), Ogden Reid (R., N.Y.), William L. Dickinson (R., Ala.), Del Clawson (R., Calif.), Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.), Burt Talcott (R., Calif.), John Brademas (D., Ind.) and Charles Diggs (D., Mich.) [redacted] items in which their names were mentioned.

STATSPEC

INTERNAL USE ONLY

31 August 1971

MEMORANDUM

SUBJECT : The Decree of 29 December 1917--The Abolition of Ranks in the Bolshevik Revolutionary Army

1. In the wake of the Bolshevik Party's seizure of power in Petrograd and Moscow in October 1917, Lenin and Trotskiy set about the formation of a government pledged to pull Russia out of the war with Germany. As part of their efforts to do this, the Bolsheviks adopted a decree in late December 1917 abolishing military ranks and titles.*

2. The 29 December 1917 decree reflected three considerations:

--one, it recognized the plight of Russian forces on the Western Front, such as the collapse of morale after three years of trench warfare, and the break-up of discipline which accompanied an increasing desertion rate;

--two, it dovetailed with other Bolshevik decrees which abolished all ranks, titles, and class distinctions within the civilian sector; and

--three, it reflected the new regime's fear that aristocratic officers might attempt to turn the army against them.

3. Faced with civil war and the need to defend themselves against the Allied effort to open a second front in the east the Bolsheviks soon began to move away from the provisions of the 29 December 1917 decree. In fact, on 4 March 1918, just one day after signing the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk with the Germans, the Bolsheviks

*For full text, see page 3.

established a Supreme Military Council, a military and political body for control at the upper level of the army. On 4 April, a decree provided for the creation of a corps of political commissars "to represent" the Bolshevik Party and its doctrine in the new army. In addition, the new secret police organization, the Cheka, established on 7 December 1917 for the civilian sector, soon began to function in the army.

4. Finally the blithe spirit of the December decree completely evaporated between 21 April and 29 July 1918 with new announcements and decrees eliminating both the voluntary recruiting basis for the army and its elective system for commanders. Henceforth, commanders were to be appointed by organs of the Bolshèviks' Ministry of War, and former Czarist officers were to be coopted into the Red Army for use not as "leaders" but as "military specialists."

5. The Spring 1918 declarations were admissions of the detrimental effect the abolition of ranks had on military skill and recruitment, and a pragmatic admission of the need for a disciplined military force to support and expand the Bolshevik political control beyond Petrograd and Moscow. The harsh disciplinary regulations adopted for the new Red Army placed both the soldiers and (at first) their "military specialists" and (later) "Red Commanders" under the control of the Cheka and the commissars.

6. Following the Allied Intervention (1918-20) and an internal Kremlin debate (1920-24) on the proper organization and role of the military in the new Soviet state, military reforms in 1924-25 formally established a command personnel hierarchy by function. Designated, for example, were deputy company commander, company commander, battalion commander, all with corresponding collar insignia. The pay for command personnel was only slightly differentiated by position, an apparent vestige of the egalitarian beginning of the Red

Army. The command personnel's standard of living was low but better than in civilian life, and in the regular units of the Red Army morale, discipline and training were reasonably good.

7. Finally, a decree on 22 September 1935 established a hierarchy by rank which restored most of the Czarist officer titles and pay status.

Abolition of Military Ranks and Titles
Decree on the Equalization of Rights of All Serving in the Army

December 29, 1917

In realization of the will of a revolutionary people, for the quickest and most decisive destruction of all remnants of the former inequality in the army, the Soviet of People's Commissaries ordains:

1. All titles and stations in the army, starting with that of corporal and ending with that of general, are abolished. The army of the Russian Republic from now on consists of free and equal-to-one-another citizens, holding the honorable stations of Soldiers of the Revolutionary Army.
2. All preference, connected with the former titles and stations as well as outward distinctions are annulled.
3. All titles are annulled.
4. All orders and other marks of distinction are abolished.
5. With the abolishing of the officers rank there are abolished all separate officers organizations.
6. The institution of orderlies, now existing in the active army, is abolished.

Note. Orderlies remain only in regimental offices, committees and other army organizations.

President of the Soviet of People's Commissaries
V. Ulianov (Lenin)
S.U.R., 1917, No. 9, pp. 137-38.

STATINTL

MEMORANDUM FOR:

Office of Legislative
Counsel

Here is something for
Russ Blandford. Hope
it fills the bill —

TR
1 Sept 1971
(DATE)

FORM NO. 101 REPLACES FORM 10-101
1 AUG 54 WHICH MAY BE USED.

(47)

MEMORANDUM
OF CALL*Jm*

TO:

 YOU WERE UNAVAILABLE

OF (Organization)

PLEASE CALL → PHONE NO.
CODE/EXT. 1496

WILL CALL AGAIN IS WAITING TO SEE YOU

RETURNED YOUR CALL WISHES AN APPOINTMENT

MESSAGE

H. Clark
1 Sept 71
12 Sept 71
Ken # 1

RECEIVED BY

PK

DATE

TIME

12:20

63-108

STANDARD FORM 63

GPO : 1900 648-16-80341-1 892-389

REVISED AUGUST 1967

GSA FPMR (41 CFR) 101-11.6

And Blood and Guts was infuriated by Bill Mauldin's cartoons of My Confrontation With



Bill Mauldin was the best-known of all World War II cartoonists. Mostly he drew infantrymen in their dirty, muddy but uncowed natural state. His drawings appeared in Stars and Stripes from 1943 to the end of the war. His political cartoons are now published in 275 newspapers. The following article is an excerpt from his latest book, The Brass Ring, to be published soon by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.

My home base during World War II was the Rome edition of *Stars and Stripes* and the Mediterranean theater of operations, but my editors decided in December 1944 that they wanted me to sketch the Battle of the Bulge. By the time I got my jeep and myself as far as Lyon, France, however, I learned that the Bulge was broken. So I headed for Paris. This was a 180° violation of my travel orders and made me technically AWOL.

I was in trouble from the moment I entered Paris. The MPs were skeptical about my trip tickets and outraged by my clothing. Thinking I was going straight to the war, I had worn my usual Italian getup: a Russian-style fur cap from the 10th Mountain Division, an armored-force tanker's jacket with knit collar and sleeves, and fatigue trousers for carrying pencils and paper. In Paris apparently this did not add up to a legitimate uniform.

I was taken into custody almost immediately, and when I insisted that I belonged to *Stars and Stripes*, I was delivered into the hands of Lt. Bob Moora, the Paris editor. "Mauldin, you have a great sense of timing, you know we print your stuff here."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the day you pick to arrive in Paris is the same day we get a message from Gen. George Patton about you. He was already sore at us for running photographs of some unshaven soldiers, but now you're the target."

"Forget it," I grinned. "This sort of thing happens all the time."

"Forget it?" Moora cried. "He threatened to ban the paper from the whole Third Army."

Moora went on to say that the general was a fanatic about troop tidiness, and that my cartoon infantry dogsfaces, Willie and Joe, were the antithesis of everything Patton thought soldiers should be. Willie's and Joe's beards and ragged uniforms had developed during the miserable, vicious, muddy mountain war in Italy. As I admitted to Moora and other concerned officers with whom I talked during the next few hours, I had kept drawing my characters that way because their appearance had become a sort of trademark of the infantry in battle. Even though I realized that not all infantrymen appeared that bad all the time, after a week or so at the front, most of them still looked more like Willie and Joe than like Patton's ideal soldiers.

The authorities in Paris conceded all this, then pointed out to me that what really infuriated Patton was that he felt Willie and Joe had indeed become trademarks—to the extent that thousands of noncombatants were trying to emulate them. After all, I was reminded, nine American soldiers out of ten never got near the front but hated to admit the fact.

I thought it was pretty damned silly to think I was inspiring hordes of quartermaster troops and PX clerks to cast aside their neckties, dent their helmet-liners, smudge their faces and scuff their shoes, but I was assured that it was accepted dogma upstairs and

Third Army's General Patton

unkempt soldiers

General Patton

had triggered the wrath of the Third Army's celebrated leader.

Something had to give. It was Patton's three stars versus my three stripes. Couldn't I clean up my little two-man cartoon army, just a bit? Shave them or press their pants or make some other minor concession: "So that Old Blood and Guts can get his attention back to fighting the Germans," as they smilingly put it to me. Personally, I felt that if the old man was that easily diverted, there wasn't much I could really do to help him.

Finally, I was directed to the Paris office of Capt. Harry Butcher, Eisenhower's naval aide. Butcher put a proposition to me bluntly and briefly: "We've all decided the best solution is for you to go have a talk with the general himself."

"You want me to go see Patton?"

"Certainly. Why not? Talk it out. Tell him why you draw these things. He'll tell you what he doesn't like about them. Maybe he'll change some of your ideas. Maybe—" Butcher chuckled slightly at the thought—"maybe you'll change his. Tell him what: I'll call him right now, and if he won't agree to see you and talk this thing over privately—man-to-man, no rank—then I won't ask you to go. How's that?"

"Yes, sir." I was scared.

Butcher placed the call to Third Army headquarters in Luxembourg. "Hello, hello. Thank you. Morning, general. Fine. Yourself, sir? How's Willie?"

Willie was Patton's pet bull terrier. Obviously, the conversation was going well. The aide pointed to an extension phone, so I could hear for myself how easy this was going to be.

"General, I won't take much of your time," Butcher said. "You'll remember you had a few criticisms about the Paris *Stars and Stripes* which goes out to Third Army . . . yes, yes, sir . . ." (There were squeaking noises which at first I ascribed to the French telephone system.) "General, it was the cartoons I was calling about, and the fellow who draws them. Oh, no. No, we haven't done anything like that—in fact, I've got him right here in my office. Just been talking with him, and general, it seems to me that a great deal of good would come of it if he heard your viewpoints on . . . yes, sir, I'm sure he's already heard them, but I meant in person . . . came and talked to you . . ."

Now the shrill voice at the other end took form:

"If that little son of a bitch sets foot in Third Army, I'll throw his ass in jail."

Now I was on familiar ground, and it was the captain's turn to look distraught. He recovered fast, though, and it was my privilege to watch a real pro at work. His tone was still jovial and personal, but whereas he'd said "I" before, the perpendicular pronoun now gave way to "we," and there was little doubt about who Ike's aide meant by "we."

"General," he said, "we feel around here that it might be a good thing to do. We're convinced Mauldin means well. He's as interested in getting the war over as the rest of us. He has assured me he'd be happy to talk with you. Fine, sir, fine. Oh, yes, by the way, general, we've assured him that the conversation will be private, just the two of you, no rank . . . sir? Well, I'm afraid we've already assured him of it that way, too. Good-bye, sir, thanks again, and we're sure this will be most constructive all around . . . good-bye, sir."

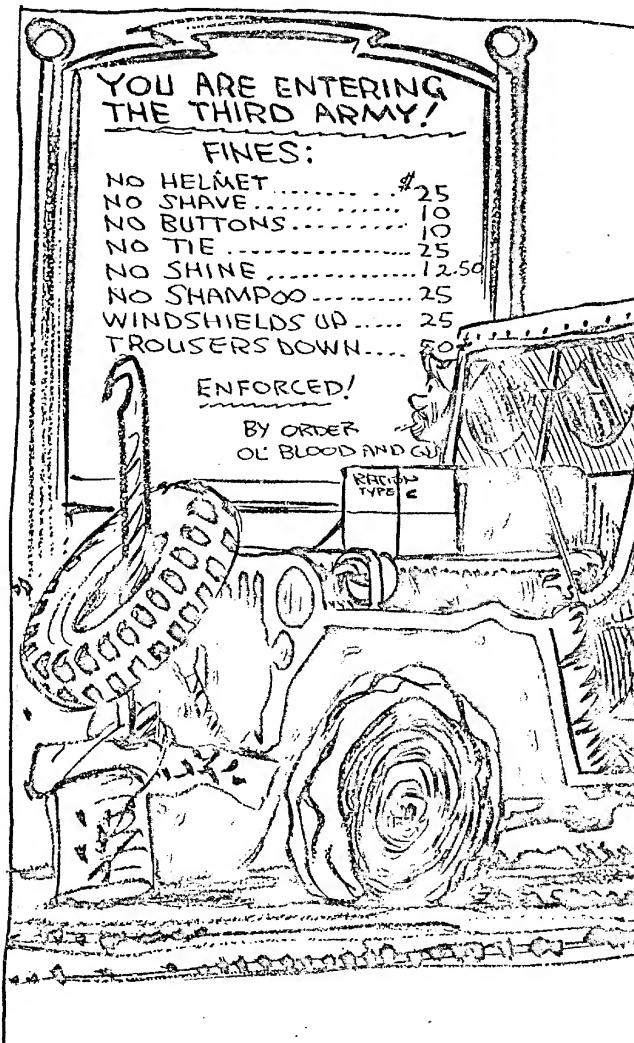
We cradled our phones and he looked at his for a moment, grin-

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COPYRIGHT 1971 BY BILL MAULDIN

by BILL MAULDIN

In 1944, Sgt. drawing his sk



"Radio th' ol' man we'll be late on account of a thousand-l

The Krauts should pin a medal on you'



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t an enthusiastic welcome!

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ring, before turning to me. "Now, Mauldin, I hear you have a pretty fancy jeep. I have a few suggestions for your trip to Luxembourg. Unfancy it. Make sure your vehicle is regulation, windshield folded and covered and so on, and for crying out loud get yourself regulation, too, from head to foot. You have a helmet? Necktie? Sidearms?"

I assured him that I had been in Patton's army in Sicily and could still recite all the fines, right down to untied shoelaces.

"Of course. I forgot," he smiled. "You're always drawing pictures about it. Well, good luck."

A few days later I drove to Third Army headquarters in Luxembourg where Patton had taken over the royal palace. I was scrutinized and passed by a small task force of vitamin-packed MPs with mirror-toed shoes and Si-monized headgear, then directed to the office of Major Quirk, Third Army's PR man, in a downstairs wing of the magnificent building. The major turned out to be a nice man, and although he, too, inspected me carefully from head to toe, I could see that he was doing it for my own good. He led me through the storybook palace, full of huge, ornate, high-ceilinged rooms. Patton's office must have been the throne room, the grandest of them all. It had great double doors. One was ajar; standing behind the major as he discreetly rapped, I could see the general's desk at the far end of the room, across an acre of carpet.

There he sat, big as life even at that distance. His hair was silver; his face was pink, his collar and shoulders glittered with more stars than I could count; his fingers sparkled with rings, and an incredible mass of ribbons started around desk-top level and spread

upward in a flood over his chest to the very top of his shoulder, as if preparing to start down his back, too. His face was rugged, with an odd, strangely shapeless outline; his eyes were pale, almost colorless, with a choleric bulge; his small, compressed mouth was sharply downturned at the corners, with a lower lip which suggested a pouting child as much as a no-nonsense martinet. It was a welcome, rather human touch. Beside him, lying in a big chair, was Willie, the bull terrier. If ever dog was suited to master, this one was. Willie had his beloved boss's expression and lacked only the ribbons and stars. I stood in that door staring into the four meanest eyes I'd ever seen.

"Come in, major," Patton said. Somehow, it broke the spell. There was that shrill voice again. Like the lower lip it brought him down to human proportions. Major Quirk and I made the long trek across the room and came to a parade-ground halt before the desk, where I snapped out the kind of salute I used to make in high school ROTC. Whatever of the parade-ground soldier was still left in me, Patton brought it out.

"Hello, sergeant." The general smiled—an impressive muscular feat, considering the distance the corners of his mouth had to travel—and came around the desk to offer his hand. I don't know who was more astonished, Willie or me. The dog, rising with his master, literally fell out of the chair. As we shook hands, I stole a glance at the general's famous gun belt. He was wearing only one of his pearl-handled six-shooters. Undergunned, shaking hands, smiling—hopeful signs. Patton told me to sit. I appropriated Willie's chair. The dog not only looked shocked but offended. To hell with Willie. Butcher had been right. This was going to be okay.

"Well, sir, I'll be going," the major said.

"Going where?" Patton snapped. "Stick around. I want you to hear this."

The major hesitated for the barest instant, glanced at me—he was aware of the agreement for privacy—and took the adjacent chair. The old chill started back up my spine.

"Now then, sergeant, about those pictures you draw of those God-awful things you call soldiers. Where did you ever see soldiers like that? You know goddamn well you're not drawing an accurate representation of the American soldier. You make them look like goddamn bums. No respect for the army, their officers or themselves. You know as well as I do that you can't have an army without respect for officers. What are you trying to do, incite a goddamn mutiny? You listen to me, sergeant, the Russians tried running an army without rank once. Shot all their leaders, all their brains, all their generals. The Bolsheviks made their officers dress like soldiers, eat with soldiers, no saluting, everybody calling everybody comrade—and where did it get 'em? While they ran an army like that, they couldn't fight their way out of a piss-soaked paper bag. Now they've learned their lesson. They put uniforms back on their officers. Some men are born to lead and don't need those little metal dinguses on their shoulders. Hell, I could command troops in a G-string. But in wartime you're bound to get some officers who don't know how to act without being dressed for it. The Russians learned you have to have rank, and if some comrade looks cross-eyed at a superior today, he gets his teeth kicked in. When somebody says frog he jumps. How long do you think you'd last drawing those pictures in the Russian army?"

The question turned out to be rhetorical. I opened my mouth to say that I realized the necessity of discipline and had never thought officers should be called comrade, chosen by popular elections among their troops or deprived of the dinguses on their shoulders. But I quickly shut it again, and kept it shut for the next 20 minutes or so as the general recited off examples of the necessity for rank through four thousand years of military history.

For a while it was fascinating. Patton was a real master of his subject. I have an affinity for enthusiasts, anyway, in any field of endeavor. As I sat there listening to the general talk war, I felt truly

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privileged, as if I were hearing Michelangelo on painting. I had been too long enchanted by the army myself—as a child listening to my father's stories, as a high school boy dreaming of West Point—to be anything but impressed by this magnificent old performer. Just as when I had first saluted him, I felt whatever martial spirit was left in me being lifted out and fanned into flame.

At one point, somewhere around the Hellenic Wars, when once again the value of stern leadership was being extolled, I absently reached out to see if Willie's ear needed scratching. I was stopped by a dog-owner's reflex which reminded me never to handle another man's pet uninvited. A glance at Willie confirmed this. Had I touched his ear it would have been with my left, or working hand, and he would have put me out of business, accomplishing in one snap what his master was trying to do the hard way.

When Patton had worked his way back through the Russian Revolution to the present again, he got around to my cartoons.

"Sergeant," he said, "I don't know what *you* think you're trying to do, but the Krauts ought to pin a medal on you for helping them mess up discipline for us. I'm going to show you what I consider some prime goddamn examples of what I mean by creating disrespect."

He opened a drawer and came up with a small batch of cutouts from *Stars and Stripes*. On top was a street scene I had drawn of a French town being liberated. A convoy of motorized infantry was being deluged by flowers, fruit and wine, handed up from the street and dropped out of windows by hysterically happy citizens. Some of the soldiers were taking advantage of the general confusion and pelting the convoy commander, in an open command car in front, with riper samples of the fruit.

"My, sir," says a junior officer, "what an enthusiastic welcome."

The general held the next one up by the tips of his thumb and forefinger as if it were contaminated. It was a night scene of a war-battered opera house with a USO show advertised on the marquee: "GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS. Fresh from the States!" Queued up in the snow at the front door was a long line of weary-looking soldiers of various nationalities, mostly British and American, with their coat collars turned up against the raw weather and their sad faces filled with anticipation of the charms within. It was one of my better drawings: loaded with poignancy, I thought. Queued up at the stage door were the officers, of course, all spruced

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YOU'VE
HEARD
ALL
THOSE
PANTYHOSE
WORDS
LIKE

CONTROL
SHAPE
STRETCH
CLING
COLOR
FEEL
FIT

NOW HERE'S THE LAST WORD
Cocuva. Alfred
Chemical
Co. Inc.
They last.



Stevens has it first in their SPIRIT brand

'Well, by God, we're getting somewhere

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up and waiting to take the girls out. Some even had bouquets.

"Now this," shrilled the general, "is the kind of goddamn . . . where are the words under this one? Somebody cut off the goddamn words."

"Sir, there wasn't any caption under that one." Willie, the major and I all jumped at the sound of my voice.

"No words!"

"No, sir. I didn't think it needed any."

"All right. You've got a bunch of messy goddamn soldiers in one line and a bunch of officers in another. What's it mean?"

He was going to let me speak again. It was really too much for Willie, who got up and stiffly walked to his master's side, ready for anything.

"Sir, it means the soldiers want to look at the girls and the officers want to take them out."

"Well, what the hell's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, sir," I weasled. "I didn't imply anything was wrong. I just thought it was a humorous situation." No ordeal is worse than that of a cartoonist who has to explain his creation.

"You think the soldiers ought to get laid instead of the officers, don't you?" Patton growled.

In spite of himself he couldn't help grinning slightly at this. In spite of myself I couldn't help liking him a little for it.

"Sir, it has been my experience that when USO or Red Cross girls are to be had, the officers usually get them."

"And what business is that of yours, sergeant?"

"None, sir. I just thought it was an amusing situation and I drew it as I saw it."

"It doesn't amuse me."

"To tell you the truth, sir, it doesn't seem very funny to me, either, anymore," I said, truthfully.

"Well, by God, now we're getting somewhere. Now why did you draw this picture if it wasn't to create disrespect for officers?"

He sat back in his chair, put his fingertips together in a listening attitude, and I got my chance at my only speech of the day.

"General," I said, "suppose a soldier's been overseas for a couple of years and in the line for a couple of months without a break, then he gets a few days in a rest area and goes to a USO show. He knows there's not much chance of getting next to one of the girls, but it would mean a lot to him if she'd circulate among the boys for a while after the show and at least give them the pleasure of talking to a girl from the States. Usually, there's not a chance. She arrives in a colonel's jeep two seconds before show time and leaves in a general's—some other colonel's staff car before the curtain's down."

Patton's eye glittered menacingly, but he did not interrupt.

"All right, sir, the soldier goes back to his foxhole," I said, "and he's thinking about it. He doesn't blame the girl—after all, he figures, she's a free agent, she did her bit by entertaining him and it's her own business how she entertains herself. Nobody in her right mind would go out with soldiers when officers have better facilities. The soldier knows all this. And he doesn't blame the officer for going after the girl, either. That's only human. . . ."

"Jesus Christ, major, does this make sense to you?" the general growled. "Well, I told Butcher I'd let this man speak his piece."

"I'm almost finished, sir. My point is, the soldier is back in his foxhole stewing about officers and thinking he's got the short end of the stick in everything, even women. Whether it makes sense or not, the fact is that he feels there's been an injustice, and if he stewes long enough about this, or about any of the other hundreds of things soldiers stew about, he's not going to be thinking about his job. He picks up his paper and he reads a letter or sees a cartoon by some other soldier who feels the same way and he says, 'Hell, somebody else said it for me,' and he goes back to his job."

"All I've got to say to you, sergeant," Patton said, "is that if this soldier you're talking about is stewing, it's because he hasn't got enough to do. He wasn't put in that hole to stew, or to think

or to have somebody else do his thinking for him in a newspaper.

"I don't know where you got those stripes on your you'd put 'em to a lot better use getting out and teachin' to soldiers instead of encouraging them to bitch and beef and run around with beards on their faces and holes in bows. Now I've just got one last thing to say to you," f at his watch. Forty-five minutes had gone by. "You can army like a mob."

"Sir," I protested, "I never thought you could."

"Think over what I've said. All right, sergeant, I gues derstand each other now."

"Yes, sir."

We did not shake good-bye. My parting salute was at good as the first one, but I don't think anyone noticed. Tl and I started the long hike across the carpet, and I heard chair creak as he climbed back on his perch.

After our little confrontation, I was quoted accurately by my as having said that Patton and I had had a long friendl esting talk, during which I had been unable to change t eral's mind and he hadn't changed mine. Later I heard Harry er's account of Patton's reaction to my version of the is Butcher said that the general had chuckled at hearing how been unable to sway him, but when he heard that I said he converted me either, there was a high-pitched explosion an talk about throwing my ass in jail. He never got the ch stayed well clear of the Third Army after that.



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